

# COLLEGE CHEER

GET A HEALTHFUL HOBBY — PLAY SOME GAME.

VOL. XII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1920.

No. 8.

## ST. JOE DEFEATS STRONG WHITING FIVE. 21 to 15.

St. Joseph's defeated the strong St. Cyril's team at Whiting Wednesday night, 21—15. The game was fast from the first whistle. Both teams showed a lot of fight, with St. Cyril's getting the first basket on a long shot by Walsko. Brady followed this with a field goal for St. Joe, making the score 2—2. The ball was frequently out of bounds during the first half, due to the hard play-in of the teams. The passing was good on both sides, although St. Joe outclassed St. Cyril's in this respect. St. Joe drew away gradually on field goals by O'Brien and Brady. Score end of first half, St. Joe, 10, St. Cyril's, 2.

St. Cyril's came back stronger in the second half, due to the improvement in their shooting. They came closer, till the score stood 17—10. Then St. Joe, led by Cox, who took Rose's place, began to score again, and made the final score, 21 to 15. Wellman played a good game for St. Joe, playing stationary guard after jumping at center, stopping the St. Cyril men dead in their tracks time and again. St. Joe's superior team work won for them. St. Cyril's is a hard-fighting, clean-playing team, a hard nut to crack. St. Cyril's will play here to-night.

### Lineup.

| St. Cyril's |   | St. Joseph's |
|-------------|---|--------------|
| Opat,       | F | Schaefer     |
| Senchak,    | F | Rose         |
| Peterson,   | C | Wellman      |
| Walsko,     | G | O'Brien      |
| Semanick,   | G | Scheidler    |

Substitution. Cox for Rose.

Field goals. Schaefer 1, O'Brien 3, Brady 4, Cox

1. Senchak 2, Peterson 1, Walsco 3.

Free throws. O'Brien, 3, Opat, 3.

Referee, Hart.

## ST. JOE DROPS HARD GAME TO ST. VIATOR'S 24—22.

Our story of the game began with an "if," but strange to say a very justifiable "if." For the game was virtually ours. The game at the very outset gave promise of being the fastest and most exciting game of the season. St. Joe started the scoring with Wellman's goal on a tip off under the basket. But St. Viator's came back almost immediately with Bushell's field goal, the only one St. Viator's star forward was able to cage throughout the game. From then on the scoring came alternately like a see-saw, with Cox doing some spectacular shooting for St. Joe. The first half, characterized, it seems, by a great deal of unnecessary scrambling over the ball, and de-

(Continued on page 2 column 1.)

## EX-JUNIORS HAND INDIANA HARBOR A WALLOPING. 46—16.

On Feb. 8, Indiana Harbor's fast independent quintet invaded St. Joe determined to make our doughty Ex-Juniors "bite the dust."

From the "class" shown by Indiana Harbor last year, when they defeated the Juniors in a hard fought battle we expected some stiff opposition.

However, we were somewhat disappointed as the Ex-Juniors completely outclassed their heavier rivals, handing them a decisive beating to the tune of 46 — 16.

Shortly after the whistle blew the Juniors started scoring and kept it up throughout the game.

Arnold, the star forward, played the stellar game for the Ex-Juniors, some of his field goals being almost phenomenal.

Al. Hegman showed some class with his puzzling left hand shot and was the leading point getter for St. Joe. Laux at center roused the onlookers time after time with his shifty floor work.

Dowling and Dunkel made a defense that was hard to beat. Again and again, it was Dowling to Dunkel and then down the floor into St. Joe's basket. The end of the first half saw the Juniors leading 20—6, and when the final whistle blew our warriors were to the fore with the wide margin of 46—16.

For Indiana Harbor, Lind, Callahan and O'Brien showed a snappy brand of pass work which threatened to make St. Joe step.

| I. H. points. | Lineup. | St. Joe. points. |
|---------------|---------|------------------|
| Block 4       | RF      | Hegman 16        |
| Sutter 6      | LF      | Arnold 15        |
| Lind 2        | C       | Laux 9           |
| O'Brien 4     | RG      | Dunkel 2         |
| Callahan      | LG      | Dowling 4        |
|               |         | Kahle 4          |

Substitutes. Kahle for Dowling. LaMere for Dunkel. Spaulding for Lind. Referee Potkotter

### Our Alibi.

Last Saturday's game certainly showed that the "never say die spirit" has a lot to do in winning a basketball game.

The advance dope was all in favor of St. Viator's, owing to the easy victory she scored over St. Joe, at Kankakee. And yet our varsity came back, fighting every inch of the way only to lose by the narrowest margin. With one break of luck the game would have been ours. The only way we can account for such an upset in the dope, is lack of the old fighting spirit which if we can credit reports, was sadly wanting in our warriors at St. Viator's.



cidedly too much crabbing from St. Viator's on the referee's decisions, ended with the score standing 13—13.

The second half, at the start was only further proof that the game was to be no one-sided affair. Scheidler had been removed in the first half and Wellman shifted to back guard, where he kept the visiting forwards at a safe distance from the basket. O'Brien, who had been guarding Bushell in a formidable fashion was removed for personal fouls; Rose came in the game but seemed to be in poor shape for any effective work. So all in all, we began to look to Tony for floor work and Cox and Brady for points. We were not altogether disappointed, although the close guarding of the visitors made long shots our only hope for raising the score. Cox again caged a couple of neat field goals, but in the meantime St. Viator had been registering, too.

At the final shot, the score stood 20—20, with a foul, called on St. Viator just before the final whistle, for St. Joe to throw. And here is the reason for the regretful "if." St. Joe missed the foul. The game was prolonged five minutes, but St. Joe was able to get only two points to St. Viator's four. The game ended, 24—22.

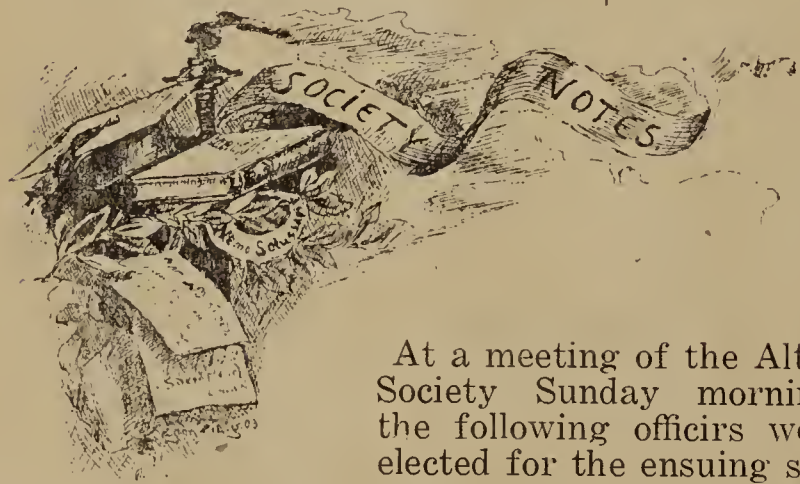
| St. Viator's | Lineup. | St. Joseph's |
|--------------|---------|--------------|
| McCarty      | G       | Scheidler    |
| McLain       | G       | O'Brien      |
| Clancy       | C       | Wellman      |
| Lyons        | F       | Cox          |
| Bushell      | F       | Schaefer     |

Substitutions: Brady for Scheidler, Rose for O'Brien, Lange for Rose.

Field goals: Wellman 1; Cox 3; Schaefer 1; Brady 4. Clancy 4; Bushell 1; Lyons 3; McLain 2.

Foul goals: O'Brien 4. Bushell 4.

Referee: Hurley of Purdue.



At a meeting of the Altar Society Sunday morning, the following officers were elected for the ensuing session:—

Pres.—Carl Krill. Vice Pres.—Charles Fromer.  
Sec.—Albin Raterman. Critic.—Frank Kahle.  
Marshal.—Cornelius O'Keefe.

After a few remarks by the Rev. Director the meeting adjourned.

The Holy Name Society met Sunday evening for the election of officers for the second semester. Joseph Hession and Carl Schnitz, were chosen respectively as President and Second Vice-President of the Society. The Rev. Moderator, making some very timely remarks on the progress of the society, pointed out many places for improvement, in the avoidance of some, and the adoption of other, means of defeating or serving the end of the society.

## COUSIN JOE.

He's been about the world a bit,  
And seen a fair sized chunk of it.  
He's been a'shore, and been a'float  
In every kind of sailin' boat.  
He's tramped across the mountain-land,  
And left his tracks upon the sand;  
For hoppin' 'ties, and hoppin' freights  
Is just a difference in rates, z  
And ridin' like a gentleman,  
You know, aint quite the test of one.

I've often heard him speak a lot  
About the bumps and bangs he's got,  
And I've concluded, just to spite  
My vanity, that it's a sight  
To see some educated lad  
With lots of chance go to the bad,  
And waste his talents on a job,  
That would disgrace a Russian mob;  
To chew a nasty cigarette  
'To keep him popular with the set,

And gab of vampires and the like,  
Most likely 'cause his partners Mike  
And Bill, and Jake, are somewhat lame  
On topics with a milder name;  
While Cousin Joe who lost his star  
Before he climbed up very far,  
Who never learned much from a book  
Or wore the all-consumin' look,  
Should live and smile and all o'that  
With pocket-book and stomach flat.

You say his hat is out o' shape?  
His coat looks like a rained-on crepe?  
Is that a sign his heart is such,  
Or soul's a'limpin' on 'a crutch?  
With mighty little fear to lose,  
I'd stake a bran' new pair of shoes,  
That this here poet Tennyson,  
Who never wrote a line for fun,  
Had some such fellow in his eye  
Before he heaved that perfect sigh:—

"'Tis only noble to be good,"  
Which makes me wish I understood  
How this old world so wisdom-crammed  
Can kick the blest and hug the damned.  
But that is gittin' far away  
From what I really want-to say:—  
That yes or no, he's simply Joe,  
And all the medals in a row,  
And all the gold you've got ot show  
Can't make him more or less than Joe.

Sixty-five subscriptions to the "Cheer" have not been paid. To those delinquents concerned, it might be well to consider that this payment will not be easier in June. There are many hands to take your money then. You would greatly oblige us by coming across as soon as possible.



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"WE KNOCK TO BOOST"

### ADDRESS

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,  
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

Wednesday, February 18, 1920.

### EDITORIALS.

Not long ago a certain student remarked to another, confidentially, that he thought it impossible for a "fellow to retain his personality and keep up a strict obedience to the powers that be." Unfortunately the little dialogue took place on the way to supper. So, as is due the importance of the subject, we are going to settle it right here. Of course the remark was unwise, and as flagrantly ill-timed as war propaganda in a peaceable country. Moreover, it is only an instance of individual rebellion; not the expression of popular sentiment. Without a word on the sincerity of the remark, or the personality behind the remark, is it not another way of saying: "Let character shape itself. Give me a few year's lease on a couple of acres, the necessaries for proper tillage, and watch the wild oats grow."

There is nothing inhuman or unliberal about this notion. Show us that young man to whom it does not appeal and we will wear him on the lapels of our coats. A more gracious ornament could not be bought. But is this the conclusion? The celestial planets forbid! To say that our code of rules cuts a man down to a mere machine, not acting but being perpetually acted upon; to affirm that the students who "pull down" pretty decent grades, with four neat I's in a row, are all flat, insipid, impersonal, abnormal creatures, — that wounds our intelligence. To say that the funny little juveniles who giggle all night in the dormitory at the public expense; to affirm that the lads who ride a privilege till it drops over — in its grave, are fine, whole-hearted, genial, winning personalities — these are asseverations that kill our intelligence.

But don't frown too quickly! Neither we, nor you, like the conscientious reformer, be he as eloquent as Martin Luther. We think he is a hypocrite; and this pre-conceived notion of ours determines the fate of his sermon. Even with these danger-posts ahead, however, we are not going to yield one point in the argument. We started out to vindicate authority only because it was unjustly accused. And we leave you, now, to medi-

tate upon a world of personalities, fashioned without a plan, moulded without a cast, thriving without roots, and bearing fruit without the property of fecundity.

It is said that Dumas, the African Ajax, could snap his finger at a ten volume romance as a very trifling matter. We would not count this such a wonderful feat today. At least we never hear of anybody doing it. The idea of following a pair of lovers through ten volumes of action and reaction is simply beyond the modern reader. The present speed limit in such affairs is rather uncertain, and there seem to be no traffic cops at all. The fact is, we do things up in a hurry nowadays — and undo them about as quickly. There is a new novel in the Library, "The Long Lane's Turning." If anyone cares for a series of lectures on prohibition, he should read it. He will, however, be so absorbed in the unravelling of the plot that he will readily forget the pictured horrors of liquor. Mr. Henry Van Dyke is writing for Harpers magazine, a number of essays on "Writers We Love to Read." The first one on Thackeray is worth the half hour it takes to read it.

If more of us would emulate the conduct of the canary bird we would be more valuable to the community, and less burden to ourselves. The longer this little finch is trained in a darkened cage the sweeter it sings. There is, of course, a proportionate action on our parts, too, but the tendency is to kick, not to sing. Suggest to us the idea of a cage, a prison, a college, and we count them just three words with one signification. Give us something snappy, however, and the cage will be endurable. You know what the good parson told the village funny boy who called for something a little more snappy at the prayer meeting: "Young man, there is a turtle pond behind the church." Evidently the parson was simply recommending a snappy place to the young man; but let us force it a bit, and say that he was just handing the chap an invitation to go and jump in the lake. That is just where we would like to see our habitual kickers kicking. We readily confess that Fifth Avenue running through Collegeville would add greatly to the attractiveness of the place. But the one big objection is this: it wouldn't be Collegeville any longer. No, to be real frank about it, we have right here all the dimensions for a solid institution: — square meals, long sleeps, broad smiles, short study periods, round basket-ball scores and regular fellows. What more do we want for our money. It is the characteristic of the donkey to kick. Let's try to sing. We may sound like sparrows for a while, but eventually we may produce some real canary birds.

N. E. C.

No. 6 The bell-ringer who jerks you from a warm bed out into the cold dawn.

No. 7 The neighbor that squeaks and scratches with his chair as you try to study or (sleep.)

No. 8 The geek that never bids in "King Flipper."

No. 9 The piece of laziness that makes repeated calls for your note-books.

No.10 The yellow pie-better.



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## A TIME-HONORED BUILDING.

On entering the south side grove at St. Joseph's College a close observer will see some hundred and fifty feet from his right a small building all alone among trees which act as its bodyguard. On the north side only is this building not guarded by trees as the tennis courts lie in that direction. This small building seems to be a relic in the mind of the average student. And so it is, tho it serves at present the humble purpose of a tool-shed and waste-paper store-house. Perhaps if the history and previous use of this building is set forth, to the minds of many will come the idea that the hut ought not to be regarded as the meanest of college buildings, and will come to be respected for the fond remembrances that attach to it.

The greatest and pristine glory of the structure is this: The Rev. Paulinus Trost and Rev. Egon Flaig, of blessed memory, used it as their studio, the former during his leisure hours while professor at St. Joseph's, the latter as student. Many of us have perhaps seen some of their artistic productions and have noted how life-like their paintings are. The old tool-shed can, therefore, be justly proud of so great an honor as to have been the work-shop of two talented artists.

At a later time in the history of the building it is recorded that it was used as band-room. How gleefully must the walls not have caught up the peals of the instruments! Tho small, the building served well its purpose as a music room till the day came when a more convenient place was selected. The noisy youth of the little hut in the grove was at an end; and today its walls still seem to ponder over their former glory and try in vain to hum snatches of old forgotten band-pieces.

Some years ago, the declining years of this structure were consigned to use as a tool-house. All the shovels, picks, axes, etc. of the entire farm were collected and brought into it. Later a "Little Giant" paper-press was procured and placed into the studio of the past. From this day on, all waste-paper was hauled thither, whence the studio and the band-room of old is now commonly known as the "paper shack."

Upon entering the paper department, one is unable to see the southern half of the west wall owing to the fact that paper bales are piled ceiling-high, forming a veritable fort of paper. The close observer sees a large box along the northern half of the west wall intended to hold the waste-paper before it is bailed. This box is the inspection camp since here all the paper is assorted. The north wall is graced with a huge bench a little over three feet high. All the old magazines and canceled stamps that are found among the waste-paper are stored away on this bench. On the west side of the wall and above the bench is found a tool-chest. The east wall is decked out with saws, axes, forks, and the like. All in all the building presents a neat appearance inside and outside and it well deserves to stand in its beautiful location for another decade to come.

G. P. Roscoe.

## CLASS-ROOM PREPAREDNESS

It is a part of the nature of man to satiate his corporal needs. It has been inherited from nature; food need not be offered to a hungry man a second time. No one, no matter how stout he may be will be so foolish as to say: "Henceforth, it will not be necessary for me to be solicitous about my physical wants."

Nature herself gives us a most striking example of preparedness. The seasons, for instance, do not change abruptly; gradually, do they make their advance. When the trees stand bare and the air sends a thrill thru the entire frame, we are convinced that winter fierce and grim has started on his downward journey from the cold regions of the North.

Here we are preparing ourselves for after-life; and each day, is as it were a tribunal, where we must give account of our acquisition of knowledge. Who is it that has ever entered the class room so prepared that he was able to render perfectly, and able to show that he understood the subject matter to be discussed? Few there are, indeed, of such character. Either he is a genius or an artless contender. If the latter, how long did it take



him to perform this task? Hours perhaps. Yet the thought of being prepared goaded him on to persevere, even though it should take hours. Such a person has a right to feel gay over his success.

But what a negative, depressing and abject-feeling pervades him, who enters the class-room unprepared. He is depressed in spirit, fearing and fretting the entire time lest he should be called upon, and thus display his ignorance. His mind is in a passive mood and all has been lost to him. He would, undoubtedly, have gained more by not entering the class-room, for not only did he weaken his mental, but also his physical powers.

An indifferent person will have gained nothing by going to class, whereas one that is overcrowded with work, or could not find the time to prepare will profit just as much, in spite of not being prepared, as one who could relieve the teacher by explaining to the class the topic to be reflected upon.

We occasionally read of instances, where youths give striking promises of becoming great by their diligence, but become mere commons. Again of dull and inactive ones, who suddenly burst their hard coverings and waft forth their genial beneficence to all mankind. The former may have become puffed up with conceit which sooner or later will effect his downfall. The other, however, may have been unexpectedly surprised by an impulse, which awoke him to life and action. Deeply imbedded lies a message to us all; never to rely on good fortune, but to be up and always doing.

Now is the spring time of many one's life. What shall the harvest be, if the sowing is meagre? Indeed there shall be no harvest save of perversness. How much of this class-room preparation is there, and genuine? How many seek only the praise of the hour, neglecting in the meanwhile their own future wellbeing. The wind perhaps, augmented by many a sigh of one that has not prepared for life, does not woe in vain. (It sighs and groans with many a stricken heart's woe wishing to warn us, but we give not ear.)

In this age of machinery the present generation is becoming more mechanical. The spirit of one hundred years ago has long vanished. We have not enough interest in any or few subjects to find out for ourselves all we wish to know about them. We prefer having it told and given in as few words as possible. Yet with all our ingenuity we have not been able to devise a scheme to obviate all mental exertion. In case this would happen, what would man be worth? He, the crown of creation, would be on the par with the machine.

No it shall never be so. Much of our happiness consists in work and recreation. Who enjoys being idle? Who working all the time? He who works well will also enjoy his relaxation. The same spirit will again be shown during this latter period. We are unconsciously acquiring a habit which will either terminate in virtue or vice. This possession will, like our shadow, accompany us in all our activities.

What then should be our principal guiding in this class-room attainment? Above all, we should be honest with ourselves and our fellows; we should let that spirit of genuineness pervade our whole self, remembering that it is not for anyone else that we are striving.

Our goal may be near or afar off. Each day

knocks unbidden and brings with it many opportunities. If we are ready we will seize and make every effort to succeed. But shall we be prepared for this if we now shun our daily exercises?

Tom. Flynn: "Just look at those dancing snowflakes."

Laux: "Yes, I guess they are practicing for the snow-ball."

Sign in front of the Ft. Recovery hardware store: "Don't kill your wife with hard work. Let our washing machine do it."

Scene in the corner grocery store at Sheldon.

C. Schnitz: (Looking up from the Sheldon bi-weekly Chronicle.) "Waal, I see by the paper that there is gittin' to be a scarcity in shoe leather and that they do be makin' shoes out of rat, rabbit, and other skins."

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Maloney: "A spade."

Stock: "I knew it, I saw you spit on your hands before you picked it up."

Mr. Linder: (Joe's father) "So Tony has received his B. A. and M. A. degrees."

Mr. Schaefer: "Yes, but his P.A. still supports him."

Buck Harber: (Village funny boy) "I wonder what banana and orange skins would make?"

Chink Maloney: (From the top of the counter.) "Slippers I suppose."

McCormack: "Did you ever hear what they do with ferry boats when they are late?"

H. Schaefer: "Dock 'em."

Kampsen: "Say Speed what holds the moon in place?"

Speed Rose: "Don't know."

Kampsen: "Moonbeams of course."

(Elmer is evidently progressing in his scientific observations.)

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**THAT JADING JAZZ.**

Across the seas from London comes the report that Jazz music is waning in popularity. Leading English hotel proprietors and theatrical managers have even computed that in five years the last echo of Jazz strain will squawk to its end. What does this mean? Does it mean that the world will soon return to classical music? No, not that precisely. But there is now a grand opportunity. The transition must be gradual.

Perhaps it is safest to say that we here at College may tire of neither Jazz nor classical music; for both have here their ardent following. But this one thing is certain and should solicit our gratitude: The College Band or Orchestra continue to interpret strains in such wise as to nourish, delight and elevate our minds. If these are not the effects within us, something is wrong: either we do not care for such renditions, or we do care a lot for Jazz. The latter effects the first and is persistent in its disparaging results. Only such as are caught with the baneful stimulus of the Jazz never experience those calm musings, those dear imaginings, and those restful reflections which come to the mind during the rendition of higher kinds of music,— music that will not and is not to wane in five years like the Jazz, nor in five thousand years!

Therefore just now one does fear becoming unpopular in remarking that we add to the general foolishness of the times, when we barter such sweet moments which the soul has to itself for the hours we drink in the wobbly and slippery blares of what is blasphemously called Music. From England the death of Jazz will spread to America. We, educated in the nobler strains of our College Orchestra and Band, will come to be a section of that throng of real lovers of real music.

**Four more games.**

Four more games will see the end of the basketball season, which so far has been a success, with the exception of our defeat by St. Viator's. The Varsity is working hard for the last two big games. The Dentals and Valparaiso. Coach Heine expects to go through the remainder of the season without defeat.

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